

Pal. You have made me
 (I thanke you *Cosen Arcite*) almost wanton
 With my Captivity: what a misery
 It is to live abroade? and every where:
 Tis like a Beast me thinkes: I finde the Court here,
 I am sure a more content, and all those pleasures
 That wooe the wils of men to vanity,
 I see through now, and am sufficient
 To tell the world, tis but a gaudy shaddow,
 That old Time, as he passes by takes with him,
 What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,
 Where sin is lustice, lust, and ignorance,
 The vertues Of the great ones: *Cosen Arcite*,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us
 We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
 And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curses,
 Shall I say more?

Arc. I would heare you still.

Pal. Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
 Better then we doe *Arcite*?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I doe not thinke it possible our friendship
 Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deathes it cannot

Enter Emilia and her woman.

And after death our spirits shall be led
 To those that love eternally. Speake on Sir.
 This garden has a world of pleasures in't.

Emil. What Flowre is this?

Wom. Tis calld Narcissus Madam.

Emil. That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,
 To love himselfe, were there not maides enough?

Arc. Pray forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard hearted?

Wom. They could not be to one so faire.

Emil. Thou wouldst not.

Wom. I think

Emil. That's
 But take heede to

Wom. Why M

Emil. Men a

Arcite. Will

Emil. Canst n

Wom. Yes.

Emil. Ile hav

This is a pretty c

Rarely upon a S

Wom. Deinty

Arc. Cosen,

Pal. Never ti

Arc. Why w

Pal. Behold

By heaven shee i

Arcite. Ha.

Pal. Doe reve

She is a Goddes

Emil. Of all F

Me thinkes a Ro

Wom. Why g

Emil. It is th

For when the w

How modestly f

With her chaste

Rude and impat

Shee lockes her l

And leaves him

Wom. Yet go

Sometimes her r

She fals for't: a

If shee have any

To take exampl

Emil. Thou a

Arc. She is v

Pal. She is all

Wom.